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## Evangelical Visitor- November 15, 1890. Vol. III. No. 22.

Henry Davidson

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# EVANGELICAL VISITOR

DEVOTED TO THE SPREAD OF EVANGELICAL TRUTHS AND THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH

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Chas Ditson Oct 31  
Pigeon, Mich.

IF YE KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS, YE SHALL ABIDE IN MY LOVE.—*John 14:15*

VOLUME III.

WHITE PIGEON, MICHIGAN, NOV. 15, 1890.

NUMBER 22.

## THE SKEPTIC'S DAUGHTER.

A True Story.

On the banks of Rosedale's water,  
Where the blooming flowers smiled,  
Lived a pure and lovely daughter,  
A rich skeptic's only child;  
Crowned with knowledge, health and  
beauty,  
Learned in all her classic lore,  
And for virtue, love and duty,  
She was queen of Rosedale's shore.  
Famed for genius, sense and wisdom,  
She became her parent's pride;  
When she gained the skeptic's system,  
She was almost deified;  
Far and wide they saw her power  
Over all disputants rise,  
And her genius seemed to tower,  
Like a goddess in their eyes.  
A large meeting was progressing  
Near her father's flowery grove,  
Where poor sinners were professing  
All the bliss of Christian love.  
"Father, let me show the Bible  
To this poor illiterate clan,  
That it's nothing but a libel  
On the character of man."  
"Go, my daughter, you are able  
To destroy their Sabbath theme;  
Go and prove their book a fable,  
And their doctrine all a dream."  
Dressed in all her pride and glory,  
She went forth to join the throng,  
Where she heard the gospel story,  
Both in sermon and in song.  
Soon a thrill of deep conviction  
Seized upon her slumbering soul,  
Filled her heart with an affection,  
That her mind could not control.  
Calmly rose she without falter,  
All her follies bade farewell,  
And came in before the altar,  
Where in humble prayer she fell.  
Casting all her care on heaven,  
Every prayer went to the throne,  
Till her sins were all forgiven,  
And the Savior was her own.  
Then she hastened to her father,  
To inform him of God's love,  
And to tell her aged mother,  
There's a better world above.  
"Well, my daughter, it's reported  
You have joined that ignorant horde,  
To their doctrine been converted,  
All against your father's word."

"O dear father, show me favor,  
I've not joined that ignorant horde,  
But I've found the blessed Savior,  
Who is Christ the righteous Lord."  
"Well, my daughter, your behavior  
Seals your doom without delay;  
You must either leave your Savior  
Or your father's house today."  
"O dear father, I will love you,  
Tho' you drive me from your door,  
None on earth I'll place before you,  
But I love my Savior more."  
"Then be gone from me forever,  
I will see your face no more;  
All your kindred ties you sever  
When you leave your father's door."  
"Only let me have your favor,  
And I'll be your willing slave;  
But I cannot yield my Savior,  
No, I'd rather choose the grave."  
"There's your likeness, clothes and purses,  
Take them and at once depart,  
For your prayers seem more like curses  
On my wounded, broken heart."  
"Goodby father; will you greet me  
Where the happy millions dwell?  
Here's my hand, Oh will you meet me,  
Where we'll no more say farewell?"  
"My dear mother, I have often  
Thought of riches, pride and wealth,  
But I'm now an outcast orphan,  
With no home or friends on earth;  
Though my father and my mother  
Drive me homeless from their door,  
I've a friend more dear than brother,  
Who will keep me evermore."  
Leaving mansion, fields and fountains,  
From the scene she turned away;  
Up the wild and rocky mountains,  
Where her path in twilight lay,  
To the bright and distant sago,  
Slowly journeyed she along,  
While her voice in lovely echo  
Filled the valley with her song.  
Roseate evening mild and gentle,  
In sweet zephyrs fanned the moor,  
And the night had spread her mantle  
As the skeptic left his door.  
"Oh dear Mary, come and listen  
To the lovely sound I hear;  
Oh, come quickly: how my system  
Feels a weight I cannot bear."  
The wife came on the veranda,  
Where she heard the notes abroad;  
"O my husband, it's Amanda  
In sweet converse with her God."

Hear it, through the starry region,  
How its heavenly anthems rise;  
O dear husband, her religion  
Is the doctrine of the skies."  
But these words were scarcely spoken  
Ere she sank in anguish wild,  
And the father's heart was broken,  
As he fled towards his child,  
Up the mountain, dark and lonesome,  
Guided by her lovely song,  
Clasped his daughter to his bosom,  
"O, my child, forgive this wrong.  
O come home and save your father,  
'Tis your prayers that let him live;  
Come, my child, embrace your mother,  
And our wretched hearts forgive."  
"Yes, my parents, I'll go to you,  
And we'll join the heavenly theme,  
Singing glory hallelujah!  
To our Savior's glorious name."  
Shouting glory to her Savior,  
She returned in heavenly love,  
Where her parents soon found favor  
In the joys of heaven above.  
They, with all their sins forgiven,  
Went rejoicing on their way,  
To their home high up in heaven,  
In the realms of endless day.  
"He that loveth father or mother more  
than me is not worthy of me." Matt. xi,  
37.

Selected by LYDIA A. DAVIDSON.

## THE TEACHING OF CHRIST.

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D. D.

The gospel narrative reports in detail only a part, and the smaller part, of what Christ said during his public ministry. The part reported in the words used by him, consists in a series of miscellaneous and somewhat fragmentary sketches of his sayings, without any formal arrangement of the subject matter, and not always in the exact chronological order of the utterance. It is upon these sketches, given by the four evangelists, that we are dependent for our knowledge of what Christ taught "in the days of his flesh." What then, as thus ascertained, did

he teach? The following is the answer to this question:

1. Christ set his seal to the sacred writings then existing among the Jews, designated as "the law and the prophets," familiarly known as "the Scripture" or "the Scriptures," and now known among Christians as the Old Testament. He never antagonized, contradicted or modified those Scriptures, but uniformly assumed their divine origin and authority, and often incidentally referred to them, sometimes for the purpose of illustration, and at others to confirm his own teaching. The traditions of the Jewish Rabbis he criticised, but the Scriptures themselves, never. In his sermon on the Mount he said: "Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Matt. v, 17, 18.

The entire ministry of Christ corresponds with this explicit and emphatic disclaimer. His position, and that of his apostles after him, constitute a sure and safe guide as to what Christians should think of the Old Testament Scriptures, as a whole, and in their several parts. They certainly can do no better than to accept and believe what the great Teacher and his apostles accepted and believed.

2. Jesus, sometimes by express statement, and at others by the evidence of his works, claimed to be the Christ, or Messiah, or great Deliverer predicted in these Scriptures. He told the woman of Samaria that he was this Messiah. (John iv, 26.) He stated the same fact to the blind man whom he had healed in Jerusalem. (John ix, 35-37.) He accepted and commended Peter's confession of him as "the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Matt. xvi, 13-19, and John vi, 67-69.) To Caiaphas the high priest, when he was on trial before the Jewish Sanhedrim, he declared that he was "the Christ, the Son of the living God,"

knowing that he would on his own confession be summarily condemned to death. (Matt. xxvi, 63, 64, and Mark xiv, 61, 62.) These are examples of such a claim positively made.

It is worthy of note, however, that Jesus did not assert his Messiahship in a way, either to excite the hostility of the Roman Government against him, or to attract the Jews to him as a temporal prince. This, humanly speaking, would have been imprudent, and would have put in peril the real purposes of his ministry. He hence avoided everything like a general proclamation, in express words, of his divine Messiahship, and on several occasions charged his disciples not to report him as such to others, plainly intending that the full and complete announcement of this fact should be reserved until his own ministry was finished. (Matt. xvi, 20, and Mark ix, 9.) Jesus showed great purity of motive, and equal wisdom, in disclosing his Messiahship sufficiently for the time being, yet by a method that would shun all assumptions of regal splendor, and all apparent efforts to mount an earthly throne rather than going to the cross, and that would not at the same time prevent him from laying the foundations, by his preaching and miracles, and finally by his death, for faith in his divine mission as the Messiah of the Old Testament Scriptures and the Savior of the world. A thoughtful writer has well remarked: "A sufficient number were enlightened to attest his miracles and proclaim his religion, and enough were left in their ignorance to condemn and crucify him."

3. The Messianic claim, as asserted by Jesus, was connected with doctrines in regard to himself, relating alike to his nature and work, which explained his Messiahship. He told Nicodemus that he was God's gift of love, to the end that "whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and that "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even

so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." (John iii, 14-16.) The Jews at Jerusalem, in his attendance upon his second passover, heard him say what they understood and what he meant they should understand, as "making him equal with God," and as claiming "that all men should honor" him, even "as they honor the Father." He presented himself to these Jews as a divine Messiah, having power to raise the dead. (John v, 17-47.) So, also, in the synagogue at Capernaum, he preached himself to the Jews as "the living Bread which came down from heaven," of which if a man eat, "he shall live forever." (John vi, 51.) Standing in the temple at the feast of the tabernacles, he said to the people: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." (John viii, 12.) Soon after he represented himself as "the good shepherd" who "giveth his life for the sheep," and as having power to lay down his life and power to take it again. (John x, 11, 18.)

Thus Jesus, in asserting and expounding his Messiahship, invested himself with divine attributes and prerogatives, and made himself a sin-atoning Savior who had come into this world from a pre-existent state, and assumed human nature, in order to "give his life a ransom for many." (Matt. xx, 28.) He had not come as a military Messiah to lead a Jewish army, and fight the Roman authority; but, upon his own showing, he had come down from heaven, and from the glory which he had with God the Father "before the world was," to be the religious teacher and guide of men, and to save them by the one offering of himself for their sins. Such are the adjuncts of doctrine and fact which he connected with his own Messiahship, and with which he explained it.

4. Christ, without any stereotyped formula of statement, taught the

doctrine of a personal God; and this God was the historic God of the Old Testament, who "in the beginning created the heaven and the earth," was called Abraham, who appointed Moses and established the Jewish system, who "at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets," and with whom Jesus asserted his own oneness in a sense peculiar to himself, and true only of himself. Referring to this God, he said: "All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." (Matt. xi, 27.) Jesus, in this language, assumed that he was the authorized expounder of God, and that his teaching was by absolute authority, and from absolute knowledge, thus making himself the best theologian that ever appeared among men. His theology came out in scintillations and glowing flashes of truth, scattered here and there all along the track of his ministry, rather than in any continuous and exhaustive presentation of the subject at any one time, or in any single discourse.

It was fitting to the circumstances of the moment that Jesus should say to the woman of Samaria that "God is a Spirit" and that "they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John iv, 24.) The essential nature of God and the character of all true worship rendered to him are here defined. The Lord's Prayer, so simple that even childhood can apprehend and repeat it, while a formula for devotion is, in its implications with respect to God, the most comprehensive utterance that ever fell from any lips. (Matt. vi, 9-13.) The race is taught to say: "Our Father which art in heaven." The petitions, prescribed as a guide to thought, are, indeed, a wholly body of divinity in a condensed form. More was never said or suggested in fewer words. Availing himself of a familiar feeling resident in the parental heart, Jesus

said: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" (Matt. vii, 11.) Enforcing the duty of loving our enemies, he referred to God as our "Father which is in heaven," and called attention to the fact that "he maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." (Matt. v, 45.) Designing to guard human hearts against all undue anxiety about the things needful for this life, he said: "For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." (Matt. vi, 32.) To this heavenly Father he assigned a providence of supply and regulation over men, and in them and around them, so minute and constant that even the hairs of their heads were all numbered, and not a sparrow fell to the ground without his notice. (Matt. x, 29, 30.)

The grace principle in the character of God was set before the mind of Nicodemus, when Jesus said to him that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii, 16.) The wrath principle in the character of the same God was stated to his disciples when he said: "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." (Matt. x, 28.) The will of God as to what men should do under the gospel is in these words: "This is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." (John vi, 29.) The caviling lawyer, who wished to know "which is the great commandment," was thus answered: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." (Matt. xxii, 37.) Jesus did not discuss any question with this lawyer as to the divine existence or the divine character, but at once preached God to

him in the supreme obligation that bound his soul to that God; and the preaching was suited alike to the man and the circumstances.

The theology of Jesus, while not a systematic treatise about God with its ponderous phrases, was full of elementary thoughts, telling and pregnant points, sharp and effective hints and suggestions, all of which, being taken together, give us his doctrine of God. It is a theology suited to general and popular use. It fits the pulpit, the prayer meeting, psalmody and song of saintship, devout hearts, penitential and anxious thought, the emergencies and sorrows of life, the fears awakened by a sense of sin, the decline and decay of years, and the wants of the dying hour. It gives faith something substantial to believe, and hope a pillow on which to rest its aching head. It has done more to enlighten, relieve and comfort the race than all the learned essays about God ever written or read. Jesus knew how to preach the doctrine of God to men, and adapt it to all the varying phases of human character and human condition. He knew when and where to make it the ground of hope and good cheer, and when and where to make it the ground of anxiety and alarm. This doctrine, as he presented it, was one of the great elements of power in his public ministry.

5. We see in the ministry of Christ no metaphysics, no analysis of human faculties, no discussion about the freedom of the will, and indeed, nothing that we can call mental science after the fashion of earth; but, in his ethical conceptions relating to man, we do see a most thorough and pungent dealing with human nature, as a real, a concrete and living moral structure, having capacities for action, bound by duties to be done, and in a condition to meet relief. To the primary and supreme affection due to God he added the one due to man under what James calls "the royal law," which reads as follows: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."



(Matt. xxii, 39.) The two rulers—the one relating to God, and the other to man—embrace “all the law and the prophets.” The second rule is, in the sermon on the Mount, stated as follows: “Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” (Matt. vii, 12.) The whole law of duty to man is in a single affection. It is comprehended in “the royal law” of love.

This law, as illustrated by Jesus in the parable of the good Samaritan, regards any human being as our neighbor, for the purpose of action, who needs our help, and when we can help. (Luke x, 30-37.) As expounded in the sermon on the Mount, it makes an enemy our neighbor in the sense that we are not to hate him, but to do good unto him and pray for him. (Matt. v, 44.) One who has trespassed against us is our neighbor in the sense that we are to forgive him. (Matt. vi, 14, 15, and xviii, 21, 22.) The doctrine of Christ is that the law of love binds all men, under all circumstances, toward all men, without any exception. He built his ethical system for the government of this world on this single principle, illustrating it by his own example, specifying the applications thereof, and with it antagonizing all the sundry depravities of feeling and action that have degraded and cursed mankind. He was, in this respect, a radicalist of the most uncompromising type. He proposed to bring the law of heaven into action amid the scenes of earth, and thus assimilate the latter to the former; and just in proportion as his ethics rule earth, they make it heaven in its spirit and temper.

The qualities of character which, as the conditions of membership in Christ's kingdom, fit men for the joys of heaven, and those that spring from a dethroned selfishness and the enthronement of love. These qualities are stated in the beatitudes of the sermon on the Mount. (Matt. v, 1-23.) If one wishes to know what virtue is in its truest and pur-

est form, let him make this sermon the subject of earnest study. That discourse, in its ethical conceptions and principles, is suited to all ages. It can never grow old, or lose its relevancy to man. All ensuing ages have paid tribute to its grandeur, and joined with those who heard it in being “astonished” at the teaching of Christ.

6. The exposure and denunciation of sin constituted another element in the ministry of Christ. The age in which he lived was a very corrupt one, especially in the ecclesiastics thereof. The priests, scribes and Pharisees were bad men under the garb of a pretentious sanctity. They confronted Jesus with malignant opposition, and in the end procured his death. He had occasion to speak to them and of them; and he did so with unsparing truthfulness. On the last day of his public ministry he denounced them in the most appalling terms. (Matt. xxiii, 13-39.) His gentleness and sweetness of temper did not neutralize or debilitate the great forces of his moral nature, any more than the love of God makes him complacent toward sin. His was not that philanthropism which looks with favor on sin, or treats it as a *quasi* innocence. His own purity gave him an intense aversion to the ecclesiastics of his age, and made the general condition of the people offensive to his moral sentiments. The language of rebuke, and sometimes of sharp condemnation, hence came from his lips.

7. A part of the teaching of Christ consisted in predictions, one class of which related to his own death. On three distinct occasions he stated to his disciples both the fact and the manner of his approaching death. (Matt. xvi, 21-23, and xvii, 22, 23, and Mark x, 32-34.) Another class related to the persecutions that would come upon his apostles and followers for his name's sake, of which he made frequent mention. Still another class referred to the destruction of cities, as Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida and Jerusalem,

and the destruction of the whole Jewish nationality. (Matt. xi, 20-25, and xxiv, 1-51.) In one of his predictions, he declared that “the kingdom of God” would be taken from the Jewish people, and “given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.” (Matt. xxi, 43.) Jesus as a prophet, anticipated the future, in respect alike to himself and his own kingdom among men; and prophetic utterances formed a part of his ministry. Many of these utterances have already been fulfilled.

8. We find also in the teachings of Christ a distinct and definite doctrine in respect to the future and invisible state which succeeds this life, and into which man is introduced by death. This doctrine, beginning at death, extends onward to the general judgment of the race, and thence onward forever. There is a future and eternal heaven for the righteous, and equally a future and eternal hell for the punishment of the incorrigibly wicked. Christ, while not absolutely originating these ideas, and while preaching a full and free salvation for all who believe in him, made the ideas themselves an integral part of the religion which he taught, and on them based the most urgent exhortations. He treated heaven and hell as realities in the government of God, and in the life to come, and placed them in the relation of a moral sequence of character and conduct in this life. Both of these realities are stamped upon the Parable of the Tares, as expounded by him, and also that of the rich man and Lazarus. (Matt. xiii, 36-43, and Luke xvi, 19-31.) The plain and obvious teaching of these parables is that there is a future life for the soul of man, and that what that life will be, as to the question of happiness or misery, depends on moral and spiritual conditions supplied in this life. Take these thoughts out of the ministry of Christ, and the result would be a radical change in the whole of it. It would no longer be the ministry reported in the four gospels.

Carrying forward this doctrine to

the scenes of the final judgment, Christ represented himself as coming back to this world, as raising the dead, as judging all mankind, and as rewarding the righteous and punishing the wicked. (Matt. xxv, 31-46.) The idea of retribution in the after-life, resulting from and following conduct in this life, is nowhere more vividly and solemnly set forth than in the ministry of Christ himself. His doctrine on this subject we have in these emphatic words: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi, 16.) The same doctrine is stated in these words: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John iii, 36.) Christ is an all-sufficient Savior, and yet not in fact and result the Savior of those who reject his gospel and die in their sins. He did not save Judas, and he will not save any one who defies his grace, and refuses to be saved thereby. On this point his teaching is as clear as the light of day.

9. Christ, in a portion of his ministry, particularly after his resurrection and before his ascension into heaven, gave special instructions to his apostles, and made to them special promises, for their guidance and support in the work assigned to them. His plan was to commit to them the preaching of his gospel after his own personal retirement from this world; and for this purpose he chose them, admitted them into the most intimate relation to himself, and made them pupils in his school, as eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses of what he did and said, that they might be the teachers of others. To them he "showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs;" he spoke to them "of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God;" he promised to them the special endowments and gifts of the Holy Ghost; and in this way he fitted them to plant the Christian church in his name. (Acts

i, 3-5.) A part of his ministry was devoted to the education, instruction and preparation of these apostles for the work which he intended to commit to them, and which he did commit to them just before he left this world. Having given to them their commission, he himself went to the heavenly sanctuary.

The above sketch presents, in a general outline, the contents of Christ's teaching, as we find them in the gospel narrative. No stenographer was present to take down his words when he was speaking either to his disciples or to the people; yet he knew that these words would not be lost in the air, or to the memory of man. He knew that he was speaking to the race, and designed to leave his sayings as a legacy of light and truth to guide the thoughts of after ages. His recorded utterances still live, and will live to the end of time. They solve problems too great for unaided human reason and deal with the deepest and most lasting interests of our nature. They give to us a religious system to believe, and offer to us a glorious and much needed salvation to accept. Knowing God, and knowing man, Christ spoke of both with absolute certainty. His ideas are laws for thought, rules for faith and hope, and guides to practice.—The Independent.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

### THE WIDOW ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY REV. ANSELM B. BROWN.

In a little out-of-the-way town I commenced my life-labor for the salvation of souls. It was in Vermont, nearly at the top of one of the Green Mountain ranges, and contained scarcely two hundred and fifty inhabitants. For many years the preaching of the Gospel there had been very irregular. Sometimes it had been interrupted for months. Many families made no pretensions to religion, and did not wholly suspend work on the Sabbath; yet there were not a few earnest Christians,

who highly prized their scanty means of grace.

One fact exceedingly encouraged me. Wherever I visited, the people told me of an aged widow and her idiot daughter, who lived by themselves at the edge of town. They spoke of the widow's remarkable religious experience, and urged me to visit her. I did so, and afterwards went often. Her prayers and sympathy were of such benefit to me, that I desire to state my experience with her; for it is profitable to think of such a Christian character cultivated amid poverty, lifelong affliction, and loneliness. They lived in an old dilapidated house, kept from falling only by props.

Every thing around the house corresponded, the yard being filled with raspberry-bushes and wild grass, so that hardly a trace of a path remained. As I entered the first time, the daughter, of about sixty years, met me. She shrieked most pitifully, distorted her body, and ran into the other room. Soon I went in, and found her crying with her hands over her face, and lying down in one corner. She was a most repulsive being, but yet her humanity excited my sympathy all the more. By the stove sat her mother, of eighty-six years, dressed neatly, and seemingly calm and happy. She was in perfect contrast with that "child," as her mother called her. I introduced myself.

"Good-morning, sir. I am glad the Lord has sent you here. It is now four days since I have seen any one, except this poor, unfortunate creature. My neighbors are very kind; but during this busy season it is impossible for them to come often, and you know they are few and live at a great distance."

"Are you not lonely, and sometimes afraid?"

"Oh no; in my loneliest hours I can say I am not alone, for my Father is with me; and as for being afraid, that would be mistrusting my Saviour. If he is for us, who will be against us?"

She then showed me her old Bible,

and said that she had become too blind to read that, but she loved to handle it and think what was in it. "I have here a fine book of psalms, as good, they say, as there is in town. On clear days I can read this quite well. I read them for prayers, for they are so much better than my own, and contain just what I want to say."

She lived in a spirit of resignation to God's will, and seemed to recognize him in every event of her life.

I never saw such a home before. It was the picture of misery. The aged mother could not move about to keep things clean, and the child knew not how to appear decent. Yet the mother's patience and submission and love to "poor Jane" threw a sunlight over the broken chairs, mended dishes and dingy walls, that made the place sacred to all her neighbors. Her face was all aglow with love to Jesus.

She conversed in a very decided manner, and gave evidence of a good education. Her firm reliance on Jesus was brought in, no matter what topic was discussed, and she seemed to confirm almost every statement with Scripture. I spoke of her old age.

"You think I have been long in this world, but to me it seems very short. My days have passed swifter than a weaver's shuttle; my months are numbered, and are nearly gone; my years have passed, and, like stories, are forgotten, and my whole life seems but as a vapor that is now fast disappearing."

Then pressing heavily on her cane and leaning over to ease her pains, she continued:

"Yes, my life seems but as a week, and oh, how I thank God that I gave my heart to Jesus on Monday morning of my life. All through this week of my life he has clothed and fed me and my poor child. Now it seems as if I am spending my Saturday on earth, and that too may be almost gone. I am now laying aside the things of this world, and getting ready for a Sabbath

which, blessed be to God, will be eternal."

Whenever I called, she conversed in this strain, and her neighbors say that she always appeared just so. I attributed it all to her ripeness for her eternal home in heaven.

Strange to say when I read the Bible the idiot daughter would keep still, and during prayer she would sit down on the floor or kneel. One day after I had prayed the mother said:

"I have no fears for her beyond the grave; she is not a responsible creature, and I know Jesus will accept her much sooner than some more favored than she is. I often think that she understands what we say, and enjoys 'the meetings.' She was fair and sound until she was six months old, when she had fits and became foolish. My only anxiety is that, after I am dead, she may never be neglected. This troubles me much; my faith is too weak to trust her to God. I would like to live and die with her; but man only proposes, God disposes."

God satisfied her desires. For on the sixteenth of November last they died. Notice the striking account which a neighbor sends me:

"Mrs. G—and her daughter are at rest. The cold winter, which they so much dreaded, cannot reach them now. Their departure was very sad. They were found lying insensible under a balsam-tree, a few rods from her door, the daughter just breathing her last, and her mother, in an attitude of prayer, upon her knees. One of her limbs was broken, and an arm bruised. She was carried to her house, and all means used for her recovery. She breathed about two hours but never spoke to reveal the awful deed. All remained a mystery, until it was found that a neighbor had a cross sheep in the lot where they were found. The people conjecture that this sheep hit the idiot daughter, and the mother, hearing her cries, went to her rescue, but was too feeble to give the needed help."

Thus they lived and died, were

buried in the plainest way, and the neighbors only acted as mourners. A simple stone, erected over their grave by Christian friends briefly commemorates the mother's love and faith.

But who dares to measure their influence for Christ? The mother has been a light in that town for an entire generation, has led many to Christ, and was an example to all even unto the end. Verily she dwelt on Mount Pisgah, near to heaven, and was a well-spring of righteousness to all about her.

The students who labored there will carry through their ministry the lessons of patience and humility which she so unconsciously taught them.

Just as rivers and brooks, which flow over our land, have their origin in uninhabited forests and on mountain-tops, so our rivers of righteousness may rise in the hearts of the poor and unknown in our land. How much we owe to such people as poor old Mrs. G—and her idiot daughter.—The American Tract Society.

#### A MOTHER'S LAST PRAYER ANSWERED.

A gentleman walking along one of the streets in Philadelphia was accosted by a boy who plead for a penny. What do you want with a penny? Buy bread, sir, was the prompt answer. Boy, are you telling me the truth? looking him steadily in the face. I am, sir. Have you a father? asked the gentleman. No, father is dead. Where is your mother? She died last night. Come with me and I'll show you my mother. The gentleman taking the hand of the boy followed his guide down a narrow alley and stopped before a miserable place which the poor boy called his home. Pushing open the door he pointed to his dead mother and said, there sir, is my mother. Who was with your mother when she died? asked the gentleman now more deeply moved. No body but me. Did your mother say anything before she



died? Yes sir, she said, God will take care of you, my son. Sooner than his dying mother had dared to think or hope, God had honored her faith by sending this gentleman whose heart was touched with the tenderest pity for her poor honest son. The gentleman was a Christian to whom God had intrusted much of this world's goods.

The little orphan is kindly cared for. For verily he shall not lose his reward. The poor dying mother's prayer was heard in high heaven. Yes, my son God will take care of you.

#### WHAT RELIGION DID FOR A GIRL.

A little girl of twelve was telling in a simple way the evidence that she was a Christian: "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school-laws. I was selfish at home, didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her. Now it is a real joy to me to help mother, and to show that I love her."

#### "I'LL TURN OVER A NEW LEAF."

It is all very well to say that you will "turn over a new leaf." But let me ask, what about the past black leaves of guilt? The school boy, after spilling the ink on the page of his copy-book, turns over a new leaf, resolving that in the future he will be more careful; but "turning over a new leaf, does not remove the blotted one, and soon the teachers eye detects the blots and punishes him for his carelessness.

It may be, dear reader, you were at one time addicted to drinking or swearing, or other bad habits; but "turned over a new leaf," and of late you have become what the world calls a "reformed" person. This is

right and proper, but don't forget that future good conduct can never blot out past disobedience.

A merchant finds that he is in difficulties. He takes his cash-book, and begins a "new leaf," forgetting that there is a "carried over" and a "brought forward" column. New figures on the "new leaf" won't pay the old debts. Every page of our life account is headed with a "brought forward."

Reader, "turning over a new leaf" won't do for you. You must become a new creature in Christ Jesus.

#### WHAT GOD HAS NOT GIVEN US.

Boys and girls can you tell me who gave us everything we have? I can almost hear you say, "God." Are you sure? Think again. "Yes," you say, "I am sure, God gives us everything." Now, I do not think so. There is one thing that I think God never gave us, and that is sin. "Oh!" you say, "I forgot that." But you must not forget it, for it makes all the trouble in the world. If it were not for that one thing that God did not give us, we would all be happy. If it were not for that the dear Savior would not have had to come down here and live and die. Will you try to remember that sin is Satan's gift, not God's. Will you all try hard to get rid of it?—Sel.

It is true that thought is deeper than all thought; yet it is equally true that feeling indicates itself in thought and speech, and manifests its power in action. He who never shows a loving spirit in his conduct, and who never speaks a word of loving tenderness, gives no proof that he has a loving heart; and if he has one, no one but himself knows it, and he is mistaken if he thinks himself its possessor.—Sunday School Times.

Thousands of worlds are rolling around us, but we do not know, though we may conjecture, that there is active, intelligent life there; but man is set in this world to make

God ever more gloriously known—to glorify by his life and his love him for whom and by whom he was created. Everything that we do on this earth is meant to subserve that end; and he who has this end in view does all not for himself—not for this one or that one; he does it from the eternal motive of love and for eternity. May every new gift of God, then, which we receive from the hand of nature remind us afresh that the earthly exists only for the sake of the eternal, in order that the Divine Being may manifest himself ever more clearly in men who are his offspring, and that the glory of his only begotten Son, and the glad-some light of his Spirit may shine ever more brightly out of all works of men.—Shleiermacher.

The way to be safe in the time of trouble is to get the blood of the Lamb sprinkled upon our doors.—Bishop Renolds.

Why can men not begin to glorify God with a yard-stick, a pair of shears, a hand-saw, and a pen in their hands, and not wait for golden harps?

#### THE PRESIDENTS.

Come, young folks all and learn my rhyme,  
Writ like the ones of olden time,  
For linked together, name to name,  
The whole a surer place will claim;  
And firmly in your mind shall stand  
The names of those who've ruled our land—  
A noble list: George Washington,  
John Adams, Thomas Jefferson,  
James Madison and James Monroe,  
John Quincy Adams—and below  
Comes Andrew Jackson in his turn;  
Martin Van Buren next we learn,  
Then William Henry Harrison,  
Whom soon John Tyler followed on,  
And after Tyler, James K. Polk;  
Then Zachary Taylor ruled the folk,  
Till death. Then Millard Fillmore came;  
And Franklin Pierce we next must name.  
And James Buchanan then appears,  
Then Abraham Lincoln through those  
years

Of war. And when life was lost  
'Twas Andrew Johnson filled his post.  
Then U. S. Grant and R. B. Hayes,  
James A. Garfield, each had place,  
And Chester Arthur:—and my rhyme  
Ends now in Grover Cleveland's time.

—Wide Awake.



**EVANGELICAL VISITOR.**

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Send Money by Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft, to Henry Davidson, White Pigeon, Michigan.

White Pigeon, Michigan, Nov. 15, 1890.

**THANKSGIVING.**

Before another issue of the VISITOR will be printed our annual day of Thanksgiving will have come and gone. It is a duty always to recognize and accept and obey any and every request of those in authority over us, when that request is made to glorify God and to render thanks unto God for blessings received.

We are well aware that frequently much sin is committed by wicked people on these national holidays and some take this as a reason why they should not be observed; but is the excuse a valid one—because sin and wickedness is committed by evil doers on these days? Is that any reason that Christians should not observe them? We think not.

On the contrary it should stimulate and encourage greater efforts toward a faithful observance of those

special days to the glory of God. We are well aware that these observances may become formal, and they may be observed in such a way that God would not be honored, but if observed for the glory of God, certainly good will result from their faithful observance. We would suggest, then, that in order to a faithful observance of our next national day of Thanksgiving, that every member of the Church, ever true child of God, devote the day to faithful, earnest thanksgiving and prayer for a great revival of the religion of Jesus Christ. The church we believe needs a more earnest spirit of revival. There is danger that formality is getting too much of a foot-hold and in some localities it is to be feared there is a drifting away from the spiritual life, the humble, sincere, simplicity of the Gospel plan of salvation. Let there be more of a consecration to God and his service, more of a self-denying of the pleasures of life, more of a lifting of the heart to God—let us get nearer to the fountain that is opened in the house of David, and let us seek to have the cleansing blood applied to ourselves, and our souls filled with the Spirit of the Master. Let us be in earnest in the work we are engaged in and we may rest assured that God will be glorified and sinners will be converted.

Oh for more of this spirit of consecration to the work of the Master.

**TO THE FRIENDS OF CARLAND MISSION.**

We have finally, after considerable delay, secured a site for a church of an acre of ground, and we can now state that the church will be built. Several times before this we thought there was an arrangement made for a location, but from some cause when we were ready to take possession we were disappointed. But through the kindness of the executors of the estate of Ira Davenport, of New York, we have obtained from them a contract for an acre of ground for church purposes. It is a gift on certain conditions.

The location is a beautiful one on high ground and where four roads center. It is easy of access and in a thickly settled country of church-going people and near the school-house where the protracted effort of Bros. Zook and Long was held two years ago. The land on three corners is occupied, but the property where the church will be built is still owned by non-residents and is a beautiful 80 acre lot and we think can be bought at a fair price. It is not improved. If our people wish to avail themselves of the opportunity of locating in a newer country with church privileges, it would be to their interest to look at this country.

We would now say to all who have collected money in their district, and to all who purpose to donate, that the work will go on and your generosity will be greatly appreciated by an early remittance to the Treasurer of the Building Committee, Bro. Charles G. Baker, Carland, Shiawasee co., Mich. May the work prosper.

**TO THE FRIENDS OF THE VISITOR.**

We have in the three years just closed, received many favorable notices of the benefits resulting from the publication of the VISITOR. Some of them we have published but many we have not; but now that the time is not far distant that the question of its continuation is to be determined, we have felt as though we would like to know for ourselves how the VISITOR is appreciated at present.

We would therefore respectfully solicit testimonials from all those who favor its publication in some form as a church paper, with their reasons for it, and their experience or the benefit they have derived from it.

We do not wish these letters for publication but for our own private information and satisfaction.

Please respond soon and send on separate paper from other matter.

Ed. E. V.

The meeting in Clay co., Kansas, closed Nov. 2nd. Our informant states that they had a very good meeting. The church there was greatly revived; two were baptized during the meeting and several others made a start for the kingdom. They effected a partial organization by electing Bro. Wm. Kyner and Bro. Jacob Heer as Deacons. The membership of Clay county mission numbers now about fifty members. During their meeting there they had prayer meeting every afternoon and preaching at night. The meeting closed with communion service in the evening. "Praise the Lord."

An error crept in the article of church news from Belle Springs, Kansas, near the close—"motions" should read "motives."

## BENEVOLENT FUND.

A Brother,	\$2.00
A Brother,	1.00
A Sister,	1.00

## WHAT AN AFFLICTED BROTHER THINKS OF THE VISITOR.

WINGER, OCT. 25, 1890.

Dear Bro. and Editor:—Please find inclosed one dollar for renewing my subscription to the VISITOR. I am sorry I could not send it sooner, but as I said before it is hard for me to raise money and I can't feel satisfied without the VISITOR, for this is the only way that I know what is going on among the brethren. It seems if the brethren knew what a comfort the VISITOR is to those that are deaf like myself, they would be more willing to help it along more than they do; for oftentimes I feel so discouraged, and yet every time the VISITOR comes it has some food for my soul, for I see how it goes with others. Yes, dear brother, I often think of you in my prayers and wish you much grace from God in your work that it may be done to his honor and glory and that you may receive a blessing from him for your labor. From your brother in Christ.

MARTIN SIDER.

## OUR DEAD.

CRIFE.—Died, Oct. 11, 1890, near Nappanee, Ind., Josephus Crife, aged 20 yrs., 2 months and 23 days. Funeral was held Oct. 12th at the Brick church at Union Center, from 2 Timothy iv, 6. The officiating ministers were John Englemier and E. Miller of the German Baptist church, and John A. Stump, of the church of the "Brethren in Christ." The deceased left good evidence that he had peace with God. He leaves a mother, five brothers and one sister to mourn his early departure. S.

BENNER.—Died, Levi Benner, youngest son of Bro. Levi Benner, two miles north of Orrville, Wayne co., Ohio, on Oct. 20, 1890, of typhoid fever. Deceased was sick about ten days. Aged 29 years, 9 months and 14 days. He leaves a wife, small children, father, mother and a brother to mourn their loss. Deceased did not profess religion, but was a moral and respected young man, and in his sickness felt the need of a Savior, and before he died he expressed of having received peace with God and was ready to die. He was buried on the 25th, at the Paradise cemetery. Funeral discourse in the Paradise church by Rev. D. M. Irvin, in the English from 1 Cor. xv, 1-14, and in German from Col. iii, 1-4, by the writer.

ELIAS SHROCK.

MYERS.—Died near Upton, Franklin co., Pa., Oct. 15, 1890, Barbara Myers, aged 46 years, 11 months and 13 days, and was buried at the Montgomery cemetery. Services were held in the Montgomery meeting house. Text from 37th Psalms. Sister Myers belonged to a family of ten children, all of whom with the parents were members of the Brethren church. Sister Barbara, as well as her Sister Susan, whose death was published in the VISITOR some time ago, were both unmarried and both very much afflicted, but were very faithful in the service of the Lord. They have gone from labor to reward. May they rest from their labor. E.

BRECHBILL.—Died near Garrett, Ind., Oct. 30, 1890, Martin Brechbill, aged 30 years, 9 months and 19 days. Services were held Nov. 2nd in the Union Church. Text, Matt. vi, 33, and his remains were deposited in the cemetery near the church. The attendance was large. His sickness was typhoid fever and hemorrhage of the bowels, which terminated in death in less than a week after he took his bed. The deceased made no profession of religion until on his sick bed, but at that late hour he professed to have experienced peace with God, and as we learned from others, he left good evidence that he had obtained the evidence of being accepted, but regretted that he had put off his return to God so long. If it was only at so late a day

that he returned to God what a narrow escape from eternal misery. Truly what a warning to others to not neglect their salvation so long. The deceased was the oldest son of Jacob and Sarah Brechbill and was married to Miss Coloma Smith by whom he had four children, two sons and two daughters. He leaves wife and four children and father and mother with brothers and sisters and many friends to mourn their loss.

BOWERS.—Alice Matilda Bowers nee Gregory was born at Brookville, Ill., Aug. 11, 1858, died Oct. 22, 1890, making her age 32 years, 2 months and 11 days. She spent most of her life at her birthplace with the exception of one year and a half at Haldane and nearly four years at Chicago, Ill. At the age of sixteen she was converted to God and joined the Evangelical church and remained faithful unto her end. She lived an exemplary Christian life, to which her own family, friends and neighbors bear witness. She was a regular attendant upon divine service if health and circumstance would at all permit. She bore her sickness with Christian patience and resignation, having the assurance that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. The strongest tie that bound her to earth was the family ties. She leaves a blessed testimony that she has gone to be with Christ. She leaves husband (Dr. L. S. Bowers, a son of Daniel Bowers) one child, parents, brothers, sisters and many friends to mourn her early departure. May she rest in peace until the resurrection morning. Funeral service by Bishop Trump and H. Moser.

Our duty, privileges, and security are in believing, not in knowing; in trusting God, and not our own understanding. They are to be pitied who have no more trustworthy teacher than themselves.—Dr. C. Hodge.

A religion without Christ, a religion that takes away from Christ, a religion that adds anything to Christ, or a religion that puts sincerity in the place of Christ, all are alike dangerous, all are to be avoided, and all are alike contrary to the doctrines of the Scriptures.

To a mind which justly estimates the weight of eternal things, it will appear a greater honor to have converted a sinner from the error of his ways, than to have wielded the thunder of a Demosthenes, or to have kindled the flame of a Cicero.—Robert Hall.

## CHURCH NEWS.

## DEDICATION SERVICE.

The brethren and sisters of Cumberland District, Pa., met together in their new meeting house on Marble street, Mechanicsburg, Nov. 2, 1890, in order to dedicate their house to the worship of God. The day being pleasant, a large congregation collected. The church was well represented and quite a number of members from the adjoining counties and some from other states were present. The ministers with us on the occasion were Elder Jacob Engle, John Breneman, S. E. Graybill and Elder Henry Heisey, all from Lancaster co., Pa., and Bro. Noah Zook from Abilene, Kansas. The collecting together began early. The first hymn sang in the new house is found in the church hymn book on page 26, no. 33:

"There is a name I love to hear,  
I love to sing its worth;  
It sounds like music to mine ear,  
The sweetest name on earth."

After that we engaged in a season of prayer. Then followed a season of experience and fellowship services. At 10 a. m., the house being well filled, the services were opened by singing the 288 hymn and reading the cxxxiii psalm, and prayer by Bro. Breneman. The dedication sermon was preached by Bro. Zook. Text, St. Mark's gospel, 11th chapter and part of the 17th verse: "Is it not written, my house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer?" He was followed by Bro. Graybill, closing services by Elder Engle. Afternoon services at 2 p. m., sermon by Bro. Graybill. Text, Rom. i, 16: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also the Greek." He was followed by Elder Heisey in the German. Services at 7 p. m., evening. Preaching by Bro. Zook. Text, 2 Cor. xiii, 11: "Finally, brethren, farewell: be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live

in peace, and the God of peace shall be with you." Closed by Elder Engle. The duties which we owe to God and his house were clearly pointed out to us.

O God we pray, bless the labors of thy servants, and may God help us to keep in memory how consecrated God's house should be, that no doves may be sold and no money tables be therein. No not so much as a worldly conversation. No tobacco used. Oh my brother, can it be possible that a brother would soil the floor of God's house with that which defiles the body, which shall be a temple for God to dwell in, and how kindly they admonished us to let brotherly love continue, and how we should stand together and be of one mind. Will the readers of the VISITOR join with us to still further pray God to help us to consecrate our bodies wholly to his service?

Remember the brotherhood of Cumberland district.

From your brother in the Christian faith once delivered to the saints.

J. H. MYERS.

Shepherdstown, Pa.

## BELLE SPRINGS, KANAS.

Dear Bro. Davidson:—The church of this county (Dickinson) has enjoyed signal blessings during their lovefeasts this fall. The first, which was held in the church at Abilene, Saturday and Sunday, Sep. 26th and 27th, was well attended. The preaching, which was done by the local ministers, was truly helpful and inspiring. Personal consecration to Christ was the prevailing theme which characterized the meeting. Many honest, inquiring Christian people were set to thinking along this line. A number professed Christ for the first time, two of them having since been received into the church. The other, and by far the larger meeting was held at the home of our brother John Stauffer, Jr., near Hope, a week later. Brethren Jacob Eshelman and Stephen Richardson and Jacob

Stauffer, of Harvey county, were valuable aids to our ministry. From the hour of opening, Saturday morning, the spirit of God dwelt richly among us. One soul turned to the Lord, and Zion was greatly blessed. Nearly three hundred members communed.

At a baptismal service held at Abilene yesterday, two new members were received into church fellowship and had the rite of baptism administered.

A series of meetings is now in progress in the Clay county mission. Brethren David Bood and Elder Samuel Zook are in charge of the meetings at this writing.

Several brethren from this district will begin special evangelistic work in the Rooks county mission in a few days. May the Lord bless their efforts abundantly.

A band of young members in this locality have formed a mutual union for the purpose of studying the Word. The course they are pursuing, is to engage in weekly Bible readings, judiciously selected, besides a wholesome miscellany such as committing a choice psalm each week classifying the books of the Bible. That the Lord may approve their zeal and supply correct motions in their work is sincerely to be hoped.

Work has begun on both the brethren's new meeting houses on the south side. They will doubtless be completed before the holidays.

The church here acknowledges pleasant fraternal visits recently from Bro. Warren Dohner, of West Milton, O., Bro. J. R. Zook and wife, Bro. Stoner and Bro. Henry Garwick, of Whiteside county, Ill., Daniel Wolgemuth, of Mt. Joy, Pa.

JOHN H. ENGLE.

## OUR LOVE FEAST.

Our love feast at the Woodbery church on the 25th of October was well attended by the brethren and sisters. When we arrived on Saturday noon we meet many familiar faces from a distance. Among them



was Elder Wengert of Ringgold, Maryland, and brethren Heise and —, from Franklin county, and T. A. Long of Howard, Center county. We heard the dear brethren and sisters tell of the goodness of God till it was time for the afternoon meeting to begin the preparatory service. We heard much what it is to eat unworthy of the emblems of the Christ's body. Then the meeting closed at four o'clock for refreshments till the hour of six then they all came together again to commemorate the death and suffering of our Lord and Master. It seems to me I could, with faith, look up and see our dear Lord and Master led to Calvary's hill in the garden of Gethsemane nailed to that rough tree, to see him bleed and die for you and me. Not only you and me, but for the whole world. I often think of that dark and doleful night when the Savior of this world was crucified for the sins of the whole world.

Then on Sabbath morning long before time for meeting the house was again filled with brethren and sisters and many others for meeting. Then the meeting began with experiences. The brethren and sisters told how they had been built up by coming there, to the meeting, and their desire to still go on in this narrow way and live for the Master while life shall last. Time came for preaching, and Bro. Brown was installed as minister for the Woodberry church. Then T. A. Long preached one hour to a large congregation.

FROM SISTER L.

Martinsburgh, Pa.

On Sunday morning last Oct. 26, 1890, the writer bethought himself as to which of three meetings he should attend in his immediate neighborhood, viz., the Yorkers—who hold forth once in thirteen weeks; a very plain-going, honest and God-fearing sect—the Lutherans communion meeting, or the River Brethren or Brethren in Christ near Woodbury, Bedford co., Pa. We attended the latter. Be-

ing a little late, having had to go on foot, we arrived to find a full house and an overflow in the yard sufficient for one of their preachers to have addressed with profit and no doubt pleasure. As I listened outside I was determined to hear further what this preacher had to say, for well was I convinced of his earnestness by his rapidity of speech and force of language, coupled with scriptural quotations. I verily knew he could not be making all this himself, so I edged in and found it literally jammed, aisles being filled on both sides with anxious listeners, standing, to hear the word of God expounded. The text was from the prophet Isaiah, xxxv, 8, 9. "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein: No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon: it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there."

Not having heard the text given out I had to hunt same up this evening. The explanations of that highway and that way were indeed grand to the believer in Christ. It was a way of holiness, said the preacher. Some people did not like to hear of holiness—some members of churches he meant; referring at this point to a certain Methodist preacher who had once remarked in his hearing, "if this holiness doctrine did not bring his people back, then he feared they were *gone*, GONE, GONE. No redemption, irretrievable, gone beyond any shadow of doubt," etc. This man was honest in his expressions and views and really felt what he said. Question was for us to consider, are we on that way, that highway, that way of holiness? It was not for the unclean, but for the wayfaring men, men on a journey, on a pilgrimage, sojourners, etc.; some whose home was not here, but who sought a better country, that is an heavenly. The preacher thought some of us

acted too much as though we wanted to stay here; we desired to have much to do with the government of this world; we wanted to be some of the officers in control, or we desire to help others to get into office, etc. This as pilgrims and foreigners we should not do; simply be obedient to the laws but not help to make them.

Some are rich in this world's goods, and should they lose a farm or some money, they whine and pine and groan and cry and lament over same. Their hearts are wrapped up too much in these things. Therefore we see these things: They are citizens here; they have their reward. Comparison was then made to Jesus our Master: poor, wayfaring, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Fools—we must be fools for Christ's sake. We need not err, the way is plain. The apostles were all unlearned men, fishers, tax-gatherers, tent-makers, etc., etc.; none rich, all poor, all ignorant save one, Saul of Tarsus, and he counted all he knew as dung so he might know of the excellency of Jesus Christ his Savior. He would fall at the foot of his cross and call aloud, "what wilt thou have me to do?" and now by the foolishness of preaching men must become saved, hear and obey the word of God. In this way we need not err. Question is, are we on that way? It is for you and I to answer.

"No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there." Figurative language. The preacher said, no one of a lion's disposition, trying to overthrow as the king of beasts always did, no meekness must characterize the followers of Jesus Christ. No lion or serpent either or bearish spirit can be found on this way. That spirit must all be taken away; must be lamb-like like the Son of God our Captain and our Leader. Some manifest that sneakish nature and underhanded way of undermining their brethren and sisters; such is condemned here



even, and is not the spirit we ought to manifest toward each other; are not regenerated, not converted yet.

How is it with us individually, brethren and sisters? Let us examine a little in our hearts; peradventure something is wanting there. "But the redeemed shall walk there." Some go to law to redeem their character, etc. We need not do so. Just confess our sins to God, pray to God to forgive us, and the blood of Jesus Christ will redeem us and we shall be redeemed and shall walk on that way—on that highway of holiness for way-faring men and fools.

H. P. BRINKWORTH.

Maria, Pa.

For the Evangelical Visitor.  
**IMPENDING DANGER.**

Less than one hundred years ago, when the western part of Pennsylvania was yet sparsely settled, many people from the eastern part of the state moved westward in prospect of cheap lands and comfortable homes.

Their manner of going was in covered wagons drawn by horses. At night they would stop, unhitch their horses and feed them from a trough that was carried along and fastened on the wagon tongue when wanted. The beds of these moving families were spread out in the wagons under cover, and thus the night was passed in sweet sleep.

On one occasion a number of such wagons stopped for the night, their destination being Morrison's Cove, a fertile valley a few miles southeast of where the city of Altoona has since sprung up. When all had stopped, it was noticed that one man, a Mr. Rhodes, had unhitched right under a large tree that leaned over. One of the company cautioned him against risking his life at such a place, as a wind storm might come up and break down the tree. He treated the matter indifferently by saying he had no fear, since that tree had stood the storms of many years, it was not likely to break down *that night*, the *only* night in

his life that he ever stopped there. But there was danger impending, and caution had been given, but the caution was not heeded. A storm did come up, the tree broke down, and Mr. Rhodes was killed in his bed.

Some years after the above described occurrence a man by the name of Crossman, who had been living in said "Cove" was then living west of the Alleghany and somewhere near Johnstown. Being a man of limited means, the house he occupied was one of such construction as he was able to own. A large tree stood a little to the west of it, and in case the tree should fall eastward its top would come crashing on the house. The man's attention had been called to this matter time and again and he had acknowledged the prudence of felling the tree in another direction when the wind was favorable. But it was neglected by reason of other work constantly on hand, and the tree might stand till some convenient time.

Well, on a certain Sunday before such a convenient time came, Crossman lay composedly on his bed resting himself, the rest of the family being in the same room with him. The door stood open, and a little girl looking out, said "the tree is coming," and in less time than it takes to tell it that house was a wreck and its owner dead. He had not heeded the admonition against impending danger, and paid for it with the loss of his life. The rest of the family escaped unhurt. A strong blast of wind broke the tree down.

Now these were actual occurrences of which the writer was credibly informed many years ago, and no doubt every one that reads this article will agree that it was a matter of criminal carelessness as well as great folly for those men to hazard not only their own lives, but also those of their families in the face of the fact that their attention had been called to such *impending danger*.

Let us make the application of

the foregoing in another direction and we shall find thousands who are acting with indiscretion to a still greater extent in the matter of their everlasting welfare.

The over-hanging tree represents the messenger of death, and death is the sinner's impending danger. Death will come some time, and just as certainly as an overhanging old oak; and yet poor mortals flatter themselves with the hope of many more years of life, and all this with a full knowledge that death sweeps away thousands of human beings in advance of the time they had set for themselves.

Rhodes and Crossman died the natural death by reason of disregarding the caution given them by their friends. But of how much sorer punishment will be eternal death which awaits all those who die the natural death unpardoned. Hence:

"While the lamp holds out to burn,  
Hasten, O sinner, return, return."

C. STONER.

Polo, Ill.

For the Evangelical Visitor.  
**IMPROVING THE TIME.**

After asking God what I should write, that would be to his honor and glory, I opened his blessed Book and my eyes rested on this: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." Eccl. ix, 10. This verse seemed to rivet my attention, and I could not pass it by. It contained so much I was brought to think how fast time is passing and much of it unimproved. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" no time for idleness. There is so much to do, and time is swiftly passing by, and I fear sometimes we are as the Psalmist says, "spending our years as a tale that is told." Ps. xc, 9. How much of our time is spent as the poet says,

In painful cares, in empty joys,  
Our life its precious hours destroys;  
While death stands watching at our side,  
Eager to stop the living tide.

Was it for this purpose that we were created and placed in this world? No. The poet further says,

For nobler cares, for joys sublime,  
He fashioned all the sons of time;  
Then let us every day give heed,  
That we his servants be indeed.

I am afraid we are not so much engaged in the service of the Master, as we should be, or our patient Editor would not have to urge so much to have articles on hand for the VISITOR. Why is it so? Are we not concerned about this great work of the Lord? We should be willing to do what we can, be it ever so small. No doubt we have all learned by bitter experience that "procrastination is the thief of time." How much more good we all might do, if we would always obey our first impulse. The apostle says, "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil." Eph. v, 16. How necessary it is that we take the admonition of the apostle. The days are surely evil, so much wickedness in the world, so many things to draw the mind away from God, so much time wasted. O how sad. Are we, dear brethren and sisters, improving our time as we should? There seems to be so much coldness among the professed followers of Christ, that we are made to believe that the time draweth near when Christ shall come to claim his own. Are we prepared to meet him?

Paul told Timothy that there would be a departure from the faith. "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils," etc. 1 Tim. iv, 1. Jesus says, "Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." Matt. xxiv, 12. Is it not too true? But God wants his work to go on. We are not to lay the armor by. The prophet says, "but who may abide the day of his coming, and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap." Mal. iii, 2. "And he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into

the garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." Matt. iii, 12. Now is the time to sow. Just what we sow we shall reap. "If we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Gal. vi, 8.

Dearly beloved let us be more zealous for the cause, and spend more of our time in the service of the Lord. When our time is spent in this way, at the close of day, we can say, "one more day's work for Jesus, one less of life for me." But on the other hand when the day is spent in foolish talking and jesting, when evening comes what an aching void is there, what a sting to the conscience. We feel as if the day is lost. The time is gone never to return again. My prayer is that I may not spend any more time in this way, God being my helper, but that I may "do with my might what my hand finds to do."

ANNIE M. NEWCOMER.

New Carlisle, Ohio,

For the Evangelical Visitor.  
LOVE.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us.

When I read this passage of Scripture I have to think what love our heavenly Father has shown toward us. He has sent his only begotten Son in this lower world that through his precious blood we might be saved from our sins and he is willing to save you from all that is sinful to you if we put our trust in him. How many precious promises we have in the holy Bible where we can be guided by. The Savior says, "We are not to live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." The Lord has done so much for us poor beings here on earth; while we were rebelling against him his protecting hand was over us and he showed us our sins. But what are we doing for him? Do we love him as we should? Do we love him above all other things here on earth, or is there something we love better than

our Savior? If there is then I fear we lack something yet. We read at one place, "love not the world neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him." I can say to the praise and honor of God there is nothing that I love so well as my heavenly Father who has been so merciful to me; while I was lying on my bed of sickness his love was shown to me. His guardian care was over me. He saw fit to restore me to health again. I feel for no other purpose than for me to prepare my soul more fully for the change that awaits us all. I want to love and serve him all my days, if God will give me grace. I can say as the Psalmist, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

There are many ways that we can show our love to the Savior, by our actions and words and the light we show to the world. If we would always watch and pray and be on our guard, we would not so often be seen in places of worldly amusements where the Savior would not go. Neither would we indulge in those things that pertain not to our soul's welfare, but we would be oftener found reading our Bible or in our secret closets lifting our hearts to God to keep us from doing evil, and we would love to be there often. If we love our Savior we will love every body. Those that are trying to do the Lord's will and when we are full of his love, we will be willing to lay our lives down for one another, and we will love those that are unsaved, for how many are living without God? Would to God that our love would be so great that the dear ones that are out of the ark of safety could not stand, but turn and taste of his rich love. Therefore be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh.

Earth love is deep and long;  
Is heaven-love less faithful and less strong?  
Nay; only brighter, purer, will it shine  
When love half-human grows to all-Divine!

To Christ's own little band  
"Love one another!" was his last command,  
"As I have loved;" how did the Savior love?  
To death below; eternally above!

LYDIA A. DAVIDSON,

West Milton, O.

## THE CONVERTED INFIDEL.

BY REV. H. P. ANDREWS.

Some two miles from the village of C—, on a road that wound in among the hills, stood a great white house. It was beautifully situated upon a gentle slope facing the south, and overlooking the most charming landscape. Away in the distance a mountain lifted itself against the clear blue sky. At its base rolled a broad, deep river. Nestling down in the beautiful valley that intervened, reposed the charming little village, with its neat cottages, white church, little red school house, and one or two mansions that told of wealth. Here and there in the distance a pond was visible, while farm houses and humbler dwellings dotted the picture in every direction.

Such was the home of three promising children, who, for the last three months, had been constant members of the village Sunday School. The eldest was a girl of some fourteen years. John, the second, was a bright, amiable lad of eleven. The other, the little rosy-cheeked, laughing Ella, with her golden curls and sunny smile, had just gathered the roses of her ninth summer.

The father of these interesting children was the rich Captain Lowe. He was a man of mark, such, in many respects, as are often found in rural districts. Strictly moral, intelligent and well read, kind-hearted and naturally benevolent, he attracted all classes in the community to himself, and wielded great influence in his town.

But notwithstanding all these excellences, Mr. Lowe was an infidel. He ridiculed in his good natured way the idea of prayer, looked upon conversion as a solemn farce, and believed that most professing Christians were well-meaning but deluded people. He was well versed in the subtle arguments of infidel writers, had studied the Bible quite carefully, and could argue against it in the most plausible manner. Courteous and kind to all, few could be offended

at his frank avowal of infidel principles, or resent his keen, half-jovial sarcasms upon the peculiarities of some weak-minded, though sincere members of the church.

But Mr. Lowe saw and acknowledged the saving influence of the morality of Christianity. He had, especially, good sense enough to perceive, and frankness enough to confess, that the Sabbath School was a noble moral enterprise. He was not blind to the fact abundantly proved by all our criminal records, that few children trained within its influences grow up to vice and crime. Hence the permission for his children to attend the Sabbath school.

Among the children who kneeled as penitents in the little vestry one bright, beautiful Sabbath, were Sarah Lowe and her brother and sister. It was a moving sight to see that gentle girl, with a mature thoughtfulness far beyond her years, take her young brother and sister by the hand, and kneel with them at the mercy seat—a sight to heighten the joy of angels.

When the children told their mother what they had done, and expressed a determination to be Christians, she too was greatly moved. She had been early trained in the principles and belief of Christianity, and had never renounced her early faith. Naturally confiding, with a yielding, conciliatory spirit, she had never obtruded her sentiments upon the notice of her husband, nor openly opposed any of his peculiar views. But now when her little ones gathered around her and spoke of their new love for the Savior, their joy and peace and hope, she wept. She remembered the faithful sermons of her old pastor. She remembered, too, the family altar, and the prayers which were offered morning and evening by her now sainted father. She remembered the counsels of her good mother, now in heaven. All these memories came crowding back upon her, and under their softening influences she almost felt herself a child again.

When Mr. Lowe first became aware

of the change in his children, he was sorely puzzled to know what to do. He had given his consent for them to attend the Sabbath School, and should he now be offended because they had yielded to its influence? And after all, would what they called religion make them any worse children? Though at first quite disturbed in his feelings, he concluded, upon second thought, to say nothing to them upon the subject, but to let things go on as usual.

But not so those happy young converts. They could not long hold their peace. They must tell their father also what they had experienced. Mr. Lowe heard them, but he made no attempt to ridicule their simple faith, as had been his usual course with others. They were his children, and none could boast of better. Still he professed to see in their present state of mind nothing but youthful feeling, excited by the peculiar circumstances of the last few weeks. But when they began in their childish ardor to exhort him also to seek the Lord, he checked their simple earnestness with a sternness which said to them, "The act must not be repeated."

The next Sabbath the father could not prevent a feeling of loneliness as he saw his household leave for church. The three children, with their mother, and Joseph the hired boy, to drive and take care of the horse, all packed into the old commodious carriage and started off. Never before had he such peculiar feelings as when he watched them slowly descending the hill.

To dissipate these emotions, he took a dish of salt and started up the hill to a "mountain pasture," where his young cattle were enclosed for the season. It was a beautiful day in October, that queen month of the year. A soft melancholy breath in the mild air of the mellow "Indian summer," and the varying hues of the surrounding forests, and the signs of decay seen upon every side, all combined to deepen the emotions which the circumstances of the morning had awakened.



His sadness increased, and as his path opened out into a bright, sunny spot far up on the steep hill-side, he seated himself upon a mossy knoll and thought. Before him lay the beautiful valley, guarded on either side by its lofty hills, and watered by its placid river. It was a lovely picture, and as his eyes rested upon the village, nestling among its now gorgeous shade trees and scarlet shrubbery, he could not help thinking of that company who were then gathered in the little church, with its spire pointing heavenward, and asking himself the question, "Why are they there?"

While thus engaged, his attention was attracted by the peculiar chirping of a ground sparrow near by. He turned, and but a few feet from him saw a large black snake with its head raised about a foot above its body, which lay coiled upon the ground. Its jaws were distended, its forked tongue playing around its open mouth, flashing in the sunlight like a small lambent flame, while its eyes were intently fixed upon the bird. There was a clear, sparkling light about those eyes that was fearful to behold—they fairly flashed with their peculiar binding fascination. The poor sparrow was fluttering around a circle of some few feet in diameter, the circle becoming smaller at each gyration of the infatuated bird. She appeared conscious of her danger, and yet unable to break the spell that bound her. Nearer and still nearer she fluttered her little wings to those open jaws; smaller and smaller grew the circle, till at last, with a quick, convulsive cry, she fell into the mouth of the snake.

As Mr. Lowe watched the bird, he became deeply interested in her fate. He started a number of times to destroy the reptile and thus liberate the sparrow from her danger, but an unconquerable curiosity to see the end restrained him. All day long the scene just described was before him. He could not forget it or dismiss it from his mind. The last cry of that poor little bird sinking into

the jaws of death was constantly ringing in his ears, and the sadness of the morning increased.

Returning to his house, he seated himself in his library and attempted to read. What could be the matter? Usually he could command his thoughts at will; but now he could think of nothing but the scene on the mountain, or the little company in the house of God. Slowly passed the hours, and many time did he find himself, in spite of his resolution not to do so, looking down the road for the head of his dapple-grey to emerge from the valley. It seemed a long time before the rumbling of the wheels was at length heard upon the bridge which crossed the mountain stream, followed in a few moments by the old carry-all creeping slowly up the hill.

The return of the family somewhat changed the course of his thoughts. They did not say anything to him about the good meetings they had enjoyed, and who had been converted since the last Sabbath; but they talked it all over among themselves, and how could he help hearing? He learned all about "how farmer Hascall talked," and "how humble and devoted esquire Wiseman appeared," and "how happy Benjamin and Samuel were," though he seemed busy with his book, and pretended to take no notice of what was said.

It was indeed true then that his friend, the old lawyer, had become pious. He had heard the news before, but did not believe it. Now he had learned it as a fact. That strong-minded man, who had been a skeptic all his days, and had ridiculed and opposed religion, was now a subject of "the children's revival." What could it mean? Was there something in religion, after all? Could it be that what these poor fanatics, as he had always called them, said about the future world was correct? Was there a heaven, and a hell, and a God of justice? Were his darling children right, and was he alone wrong? Such were the thoughts of the boasted infidel as he sat there listening to the half-

whispered conversation of his happy children.

Little Ella came and climbed to her long accustomed place upon her father's knee, and throwing her arms around his neck, laid her glowing cheek, half hidden by the clustering curls, against his own. He knew by her appearance that she had something to say, but did not dare to say it. To remove this fear, he began to question her about her Sabbath School. He inquired after her teacher, and who were her classmates, what she learned, etc. Gradually the shyness wore away, and the heart of the guileless, praying child came gushing forth. She told him all that had been done that day, what her teacher had said of the prayer meeting at noon, and who spoke, and how many requested the prayers of Christians. Then folding her arms more closely around his neck and kissing him tenderly, she added,

"Oh, father, I do wish you had been there."

"Why do you wish I had been there, Ella?"

"Oh, just to see how happy Nellie Wilson looked while her grandfather was telling us children how much he loved the Savior, and how sorry he was that he did not give his heart to his heavenly Father when he was young. Then he laid his hand on Nellie's head, who was sitting by his side, and said, 'I thank God that he ever gave me a little praying granddaughter to lead me to the Savior.' And, father, I never in all my life saw any one look so happy as Nellie did."

Mr. Lowe made no reply—how could he? Could he not see where the heart of his darling Ella was? Could he not see that by what she had told him about esquire Wiseman and his pet Nellie, she meant he should understand how happy she should be if her father was a Christian? Ella had not said so in words—that was a forbidden subject—but the language of her earnest, loving look and manner was not to be mistaken; and the heart of the infidel



father was deeply stirred. He kissed the rosy cheek of the lovely girl, and taking his hat left the house. He walked out into the field. He felt strangely. Before he was aware of the fact he found his infidelity leaving him, and the simple, artless religion of childhood winning its way to his heart. Try as hard as he might, he could not help believing that his little Ella was a Christian. There was a reality about her simple faith and ardent love that was truly "the evidence of things not seen." What should he do? Should he yield to this influence, and be led by his children to Christ? What! Capt. Lowe, the boasted infidel, overcome by the weakness of excited childhood? The thought roused his pride, and with an exclamation of impatience at his folly, he suddenly wheeled about, and retracing his steps, with altered appearance he re-entered his house.

His wife was alone, with an open Bible before her. As he entered, he saw her hastily wipe away a tear. In passing her, he glanced upon the open page, and his eye caught the words, "YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN." They went like an arrow to his heart. TRUTH, said a voice within, with such fearful distinctness that he started at the fancied sound; and the influence which he had just supposed banished from his heart, returned with a tenfold power. The strong man trembled. Leaving the sitting room, he ascended the stairs leading to his chamber. Passing Sarah's room, a voice attracted his attention. It was the voice of prayer.

"O Lord, save my dear father. Lead him to the Savior. Let him see that he must be born again. Oh, let not satan deceive him, let not the serpent charm him. Save, O save my dear father."

He could listen no longer. "Let not the serpent charm him!" Was he then like that helpless bird who fluttering around the head of the serpent, fell at last into the jaws of death? The thought sent a torrent

of newly awakened terror through his throbbing heart.

Hastening to his chamber, he threw himself into a chair. The accents of prayer again fell upon his ear. He listened. Yes, it was the clear, sweet voice of his little pet. Ella was praying—was praying for him! "O Lord, bless my dear father. Make him a Christian, and may he and dear mother be prepared for heaven."

Deeply moved, the father left the house and hastened to the barn. He would fain escape from those words of piercing power. They were like daggers in his heart. He entered the barn. Again he heard a voice. It comes stealing down from the hay-loft, where John his only son was praying for his father. It was too much for the convicted man, and rushing to the house, he fell, sobbing, upon his knees by the side of his wife, and cried,

"Oh, Mary, I am a poor lost sinner! Our children are going to heaven, and I—I—am going down to hell! Oh, wife, is there mercy for a wretch like me?"

Mrs. Lowe was completely overcome. She wept for joy. That her husband could ever be her companion in the way of holiness she had never dared to hope. Yes, there was mercy for even him. "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Christ had said it, and her heart told her it was true. Together they would go to this loving Savior, and their little ones should show them the way.

The children were called in. They came from the places of prayer where they had lifted up their hearts to that God who had said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you." They had agreed in asking the Spirit's influence upon the hearts of their parents, and it had been granted. They gathered around their weeping, broken-hearted father, and penitent mother, and pointing them to the cross of Jesus, long and earnestly they prayed, and wept, and

agonized. With undoubting trust in the promises, they waited at the mercy seat, and their prayers were heard. Faith conquered. The Spirit came and touched those penitent hearts with the finger of love, and then sorrow was turned to joy—their night, dark and cheerless and gloomy, was changed to a blessed day.

They arose from their knees, and Ella sprang to the arms of her father, and together they rejoiced in God.—Sel.

A scholar in one of the mission schools in New York wrote a letter to his superintendent. Six little words written on a piece of brown wrapping paper; but they were full of meaning: "Mr, Wells, I've got to Jesus." His footsteps in the right road had gladdened the heart of the teacher; but at length he had got all the way to Jesus. It was no longer moving toward Jesus, but he was now with Jesus.

#### THE BEST BOOK.

O blessed Book, whose every line  
Tells of some wondrous truth divine!  
O Book of books! God's holy Word,  
Preaching of Jesus Christ our Lord!

I love to read the sacred page,  
Of patriarch, prophet, priest and sage;  
Of saints of old who lived and died,  
Of Jesus Christ the crucified:

The story of the Savior's birth,  
"Good will to men, and peace on earth,"  
When listening shepherds in the night  
Glad tidings heard from angels bright.

And then that life of perfect love,  
Mercy descending from above,  
When God with man did come to dwell,  
Jesus our Lord—Immanuel—

Who lived that we might learn to live,  
Who died eternal life to give,  
Rose from the dead that we might rise  
To dwell with him beyond the skies.

God's law must guide my wandering feet,  
God's promises my refuge sweet,  
God's pardoning love my hope and trust  
When this frail form returns to dust.

O best of books! the Way! the Light!  
Grant I may read its truths aright,  
Live by its laws of love divine,  
And make its priceless blessing mine!

*Selected by* JOS. E. BAKER.

Easton, Ohio.